

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

VOL. XXIII. OCTOBER, 1914. No. 5

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class
mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS FOR NO. 5.

MY HICKORY FIRE	49
THE MESSAGE OF THE ENGLISH SOCIETY OF FRIENDS	49
THE STILL HOUR	51
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	52
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—	
EQUAL RIGHTS FOR PARENT AND CHILD	52
NATURAL HISTORY:—	
VISITING WITH NIGHT HERONS, II	53
THE PEACE CONGRESS OF 1849	55
THE PEACE CONGRESS OF 1914	56
WHAT LONGFELLOW WROTE	58
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	58
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	60
IMPORTANT NOTICES	60

MY HICKORY FIRE.

O helpless body of hickory tree,
What do I burn, in burning thee?
Summers of sun, winters of snow,
Springs full of sap's resistless flow;
All past year's joys of garnered fruits;
All this year's purposed buds and shoots;
Secrets of fields of upper air,
Secrets which stars and planets share;
Light of such smiles as broad skies fling;
Sound of such tunes as wild winds sing;
Voices which told where gay birds dwelt,
Voices which told where lovers knelt;—
O strong white body of hickory tree,
How dare I burn all these, in thee?

But I, too, bring, as to a pyre,
Sweet things to feed thy funeral fire;
Memories waked by thy deep spell;
Faces of fears and hopes which fell;
Faces of darlings long since dead,—
Smiles that they smiled, and words they
 said;
Like living shapes they come and go,
Lit by the mounting flame's red glow.
But sacredest of all, O tree,
Thou hast the hour my love gave me.
Only thy rhythmic silence stirred
While his low-whispered tones I heard;
By thy last gleam of flickering light
I saw his cheek turn red from white;
O cold gray ashes, side by side
With yours, that hour's sweet pulses died!

But thou, brave tree, how do I know
That through these fires thou dost not go
As in old days the martyrs went
Through fire which was a sacrament?
How do I know thou dost not wait
In longing for thy next estate?—
Estate of higher, nobler place,
Whose shapes no man can use or trace.
How do I know, if I could reach
The secret meaning of thy speech,
But I thy song of praise should hear,
Ringing triumphant, loud, and clear,—
The waiting angels could discern,
And token of thy heaven learn?
O glad, freed soul of hickory tree,
Wherever thine eternity,
Bear thou with thee that hour's dear name,
Made pure, like thee, by rites of flame!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE MESSAGE OF THE ENGLISH SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

MEN AND WOMEN OF GOOD WILL.*

We find ourselves to-day in the midst of
what may prove to be the fiercest conflict
in the history of the human race. What-
ever may be our view of the processes which
have led to its inception, we have now to
face the fact that war is proceeding upon
a terrific scale and that our own country
[England] is involved in it.

We recognize that our government has
made most strenuous efforts to preserve
peace, and has entered into the war under
a grave sense of duty to a smaller state
toward which we had moral and treaty obliga-
tions. While, as a society, we stand firmly
to the belief that the method of force is no
solution of any question, we hold that the
present moment is not one for criticism, but
for devoted service to our nation.

What is to be the attitude of Christian
men and women and of all who believe in
the brotherhood of humanity? In the dis-
tress and perplexity of this new situation,
many are so stunned as scarcely to be able to
discern the path of duty. In the sight of
God we should seek to get back to first

*This message to men and women in the British Empire
was sent out from the Religious Society of Friends.

principles, and to determine on a course of action which shall prove us to be worthy citizens of his kingdom. In making this effort let us remember those groups of men and women, in all the other nations concerned, who will be animated by a similar spirit, and who believe with us that the fundamental unity of men in the family of God is the one enduring reality, even when we are forced into an apparent denial of it.

Although it would be premature to make any pronouncement upon many aspects of the situation on which we have no sufficient data for a reliable judgment, we can, and do, call ourselves and you to a consideration of certain principles which may safely be enunciated:—

1. The conditions which have made this catastrophe possible must be regarded by us as essentially unchristian. This war spells the bankruptcy of much that we too lightly call Christian. No nation, no church, no individual, can be wholly exonerated. We have all participated to some extent in these conditions. We have been content, or too little discontented, with them. If we apportion blame, let us not fail first to blame ourselves, and to seek the forgiveness of Almighty God.

2. In the hour of darkest night it is not for us to lose heart. Never was there greater need for men of faith. To many will come the temptation to deny God, and to turn away with despair from the Christianity which seems to be identified with bloodshed on so gigantic a scale. Christ is crucified afresh to-day. If some forsake him and flee, let it be more clear that there are others who take their stand with him, come what may.

3. This we may do by continuing to show the spirit of love to all. For those whose conscience forbids them to take up arms there are other ways of serving, and definite plans are already being made to enable them to take their full share in helping their country at this crisis. In pity and helpfulness toward the suffering and stricken in our own country we shall all share. If we stop at this, "what do we more than others"? Our Master bids us to pray for and love our enemies. May we be saved from forgetting that they too are the children of our Father. May we think of them with love and pity. May we banish thoughts of bitterness, harsh judgments, the revengeful spirit. To do this is in no sense unpatriotic. We may find ourselves the subjects of misunderstanding. But our duty is clear,—to be courageous in the cause of love and in the hate of hate. May we prepare

ourselves even now for the day when once more we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with those with whom we are now at war, in seeking to bring in the kingdom of God.

4. It is not too soon to begin to think out the new situation which will arise at the close of the war. We are being compelled to face the fact that the human race has been guilty of a gigantic folly. We have built up a culture, a civilization, and even a religious life, surpassing in many respects that of any previous age, and we have been content to rest it all upon a foundation of sand. Such a state of society cannot endure so long as the last word in human affairs is brute force. Sooner or later it was bound to crumble. At the close of this war we shall be faced with a stupendous task of reconstruction. In some ways it will be rendered supremely difficult by the legacy of ill-will, by the destruction of human life, by the tax upon all in meeting the barest wants of the millions who will have suffered through the war. But in other ways it will be easier. We shall be able to make a new start, and to make it all together. From this point of view we may even see a ground of comfort in the fact that our own nation is involved. No country will be in a position which will compel others to struggle again to achieve the inflated standard of military power existing before the war. We shall have an opportunity of reconstructing European culture upon the only possible permanent foundation—mutual trust and good will. Such a reconstruction would not only secure the future of European civilization, but would save the world from the threatened catastrophe of seeing the great nations of the East building their new social order also upon the sand, and thus turning the thought and wealth needed for their education and development into that which could only be a fetter to themselves and a menace to the West. Is it too much to hope for that we shall, when this time comes, be able as brethren together to lay down far-reaching principles for the future of mankind such as will insure us forever against a repetition of this gigantic folly? If this is to be accomplished it will need the united and persistent pressure of all who believe in such a future for mankind. There will still be multitudes who can see no good in the culture of other nations, and who are unable to believe in any genuine brotherhood among those of different races. Already those who think otherwise must begin to think and plan for such a future, if the supreme opportunity of the final peace is not to be lost, and if we are to be saved from

being again sucked down into the whirlpool of military aggrandizement and rivalry. In time of peace all the nations have been preparing for war. In the time of war let all men of good will prepare for peace. The Christian conscience must be awakened to the magnitude of the issues. The great friendly democracies in each country must be ready to make their influence felt. Now is the time to speak of this thing, to work for it, to pray for it.

5. If this is to happen, it seems to us of vital importance that the war should not be carried on in any vindictive spirit, and that it should be brought to a close at the earliest possible moment. We should have it clearly before our minds from the beginning that we are not going into it in order to crush and humiliate any nation. The conduct of negotiations has taught us the necessity of prompt action in international affairs. Should the opportunity offer, we, in this nation, should be ready to act with promptitude in demanding that the terms suggested are of a kind which it will be possible for all parties to accept, and that the negotiations be entered upon in the right spirit.

6. We believe in God. Human free will gives us power to hinder the fulfilment of his loving purposes. It also means that we may actively co-operate with him. If it is given to us to see something of a glorious possible future, after all the desolation and sorrow that lie before us, let us be sure that sight has been given us by him. No day should close without our putting up our prayer to him that he will lead his family into a new and better day. At a time when so severe a blow is being struck at the great causes of moral, social, and religious reform for which so many have struggled, we need to look with expectation and confidence to him whose cause they are, and find a fresh inspiration in the certainty of his victory.—*From The Christian Register.*

THE STILL HOUR.

SHORT PRAYERS.

O God, our Heavenly Father, who hast loved us, and hast given us everlasting consolation, and good hope through grace, we beseech thee to comfort our hearts and to establish us in every good word and work.

Hear us, O God, and direct our hearts into thy love, and into the patient waiting of Christ.

O God, our Saviour, who wilt have all men to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth; and hast manifested thyself to us, by the appearing of Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel, we beseech thee to hear us.

Give to us, O God, the spirit, not of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

THOUGHTS FOR THE STILL HOUR.

The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice! Chance does not reign; Fate does not reign; Man does not reign. He reigns who forever educes lasting good out of transient evil.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

“The peace of God which passeth all understanding.” This state is anything but negative. It is the highest and most strenuous action of the soul—but an entirely harmonious action, in which all of our powers and affections are blended in a beautiful proportion, and sustain and perfect one another. It is more than silence after storms. It is the concord of all melodious sounds. It is a conscious harmony with God and the creation, an alliance of love with all beings, a sympathy with all that is pure and happy, and a surrender of every separate will and interest.—*William E. Channing.*

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Every prayer for strength to do our duty brings us into communion with the unseen world. Every faithful effort to do well, every hour of patient endurance, puts us into communion with the things above.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

But music tells
One secret of the world through which thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest with evening bells;
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Cheerful Letter Committee offers the following. Apply to Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.:

New Testament (revised version); "The Thought of God" (poems); "The Optimist's Good Morning" (selections for every day); "Helps by the Way"; "The Optimist's Good Night"; "In Tune with the Infinite," Trine; "Childhood in Art," Hurl; "Poetical Works," Campbell; "Life of Aaron Burr," Parton; "Poetical Works," Scott; "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin"; "Saracinesca," Crawford; "Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium," Higginbotham; "Don Orsino," Crawford; "School and Field Book of Botany," Gray; "The Marble Faun," Hawthorne; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," Maclaren; "Hope, the Hermit," Lyall; "A Lady of Rome," Crawford; "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain," Craddock; "Magdalen Hepburn," a tale of the Scottish Reformation.

REQUESTS.

1. John Icenhour has been paralyzed twelve years, is poor, and would be glad to receive any kind of reading matter. Address is King's Creek, North Carolina.

2. Am a minister and would be very glad if some one would send me a Bible Commentary. I am not able to meet obligations and buy a Commentary, and should be pleased to receive one, old or new, or any other books that would be useful to me. I have had much misfortune of late. On the third day of May, 1913, I was nearly fatally injured by the explosion of a steam engine and am yet somewhat crippled; and my wife has typhoid fever at this time; but I think that by careful nursing she will recover. I am a member of the Cheerful Letter and have received some valuable reading, which I appreciated. Rev. D. J. Bryant, Floyd, Virginia, Route 1.

3. Will some one please send me *two* teacher's reference Bibles, with print that will

do for failing eyes, near sixty years of age? Both need a teacher's Bible that can be easily carried in the hand. New or second hand will do; but please let the type be large and clear. Mrs. A. J. McQueen, care of Rev. A. J. McQueen, Rowlands, North Carolina.

4. Mrs. James R. Brown, of Critz, Virginia, asks that the *Cheerful Letter* friends remember her with reading,—old novels by E. P. Roe, or any good novels; also magazines and religious reading. Her family consists of herself, husband, six girls and one boy. They live in a lonely place and will appreciate the reading.

5. Mrs. Nellie Craig, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 116, is not well, and is lonely and is anxious for reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR PARENT AND CHILD.

When, some years ago, I went out as nurse-maid and nursery-governess over a large part of the country, I found that American homes could be roughly divided into two classes—those that centred around the life of the parents, and those that centred around the life of the children.

I remember one home in the East, where the father was a professional musician and the mother his devoted assistant as well as an efficient housekeeper. They were gentle, well-bred, well-to-do people, living a full and interesting life. Their house, considered as a machine, ran smoothly and well, and catered quite satisfactorily to the needs of the adult members of the family. It did not, however, cater at all to the needs of the two children. It was not calculated to provide them with the proper food at the proper hours; it did not consider their naps or play or study hours or bedtime; it left them as little whirling atoms in a scheme of things arranged for the convenience of grown-ups—and such neglect of their interests wasn't good for them. As nursery-governess in that household, I was a sort of patented buffer between the children and the domestic machinery.

At the opposite extreme, I remember a home in the Middle West, in which the "children's hour" lasted all day and all night. The whole household ate what was good for the children; it got up at the unreasonable, pre-daylight hour when the youngest opened her eyes; it relapsed into a reverent, tiptoeing silence as soon as the children were in bed; and it went needlessly

shabby in order that the ruling powers might be elaborately clothed. The mother was merely their housekeeper; the father lived to provide for their wants. I was hired as a sort of extra waiting-maid for them.

THE DOMESTIC ELLIPSE.

Now, both these homes were well-running machines, each spinning like a circle around its particular centre. It isn't an especially difficult feat to centre housekeeping around either two adults or several children. The difficulty comes when you try to make the machinery revolve around both centres at once. It can be done, but it's a geometrical problem considerably further on in the book than the drawing of a circle. If you stick in one pin to represent the children and another to represent the parents, and after tying an end of a string to each of the pins, put your pencil in the slack of it and circumspectly draw the curve that includes them both, you will get a figure with wonderful and engaging possibilities—an ellipse more interesting and beautiful than any mere circle. The house-keeping problem in the average family resolves itself into an attempt to produce this Domestic Ellipse.

To get down to something concrete, how is the housewife going to adjust two sets of meals—meals so different in time and constitution as to be practically mutually exclusive—so that they will neither conflict with each other nor overburden the household? So long as a child lives wholly on milk, its feeding can be wisely controlled by medical advice; but the moment it advances to the stage of cooked food, it invades the realm of house-keeping. Leaving out the babies, then, how about breakfast?

BREAKFAST—THE FATHER'S HOUR.

I have consulted a number of successful mothers and a child specialist, and they agree that until a child is ten years old it ought not to wait until later than half past seven for its breakfast, but that there is no reason why it should not eat much earlier than this. I know that to the several million women living on the farms, half past seven will seem a sluggard's hour to begin the day, just as to the million or so city women it will seem like an hour before dawn. But the Domestic Ellipse requires perpetual compromise, and I think that the time limits of from-as-early-as-you-like up to half past seven for breakfast ought to stand. With regard to the meal itself, authorities on child dietetics agree on certain simple menus: milk or chocolate, crackers or toast spread with butter or honey,

and, for children of five years or older, an egg or cereal. If the housewife adds to this menu for the children such things as fresh or stewed fruit, eggs or meat, and coffee, she has what is the usual breakfast of the American family. The morning meal, then, is an easily adjusted one, in which the more elaborate menu for the parents can be made to include everything needed by the children.

Breakfast is a family meal, and it ought to be the father's hour. We are just beginning to realize that leaving the training of young children almost exclusively to women, as we Americans do, is not altogether a good thing. The responsibility is heavy on the mothers, the extensive feminization of the teaching force is unfair to the children, and the monopolizing by women of the broadening effect of parenthood is unfair to the fathers. I know a few—just a few—families in which breakfast is made the father's time with the children. The meal hour is set early enough so that no one need rush away from it. The father is not tired yet, neither are the children, and it is the best time of the day for him and them to be together. Perhaps I speak of this with special feeling because I remember so well those breakfast hours with my own father when I was a little girl. At that hour of the day, his business cares did not seem so heavy; he laughed and talked with us of the things we wanted to know; we could ask him questions and tell him about our games; it was then that he gave us our first simplified talks on the questions of the day. We never heard, "Tell your father about it when he comes home," but always "Tell him about it at breakfast." A splendid starting of the day for all of us!—*Martha Bensley Bruère, in Good Housekeeping.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

VISITING WITH NIGHT HERONS.

II.

Picking a tree with some care, I climbed to the top, and clinging there among the plumed limbs, had a fine chance to look down into a nest in another tree about ten feet away. As a rule the herons do not build in the trees that are easily climbed. Whether this is a matter of wisdom or good luck I cannot say, but it is quite the rule. Two young herons were there, lying close together as if for warmth, their backs humped and their heads tucked down against the bottom of the nest as if they feared to look up. Now and then they moved uneasily, but only to press closely together. In vain I tried to

argue with them that they ought to look up and look pleasant if they were to have their pictures taken, but they never budged and were finely taken with their backs humped. I have an idea that the raucous squawks of the old birds which flapped and soared about within shouting distance bade them keep dark, and their only way of doing it was to crouch. Very likely, too, it is a matter of general orders for self-protection, for the birds thus crouched look like brown bits of bark, and no passing hawk would be likely to think them edible.

It is rather a pity that night herons do not sing, instead of shouting "Sycorax!" and other explosive improper names at one another, as they do, for the birds themselves are really beautiful creatures. For an hour I clung in my wind-swayed treetop, watching them sail about over vistas of plummy green, now lighting on a treetop with the ease of long custom, again flapping away with harsh cries, but always well poised and handsome. At first they alighted invariably out of sight of this strange creature in their treetop world, peering over a screen of boughs to see what he did, but as he remained long immobile they grew more bold and came out in sight. In spite of their long legs, and claws far too large to properly clasp small limbs, they light with ease and swing freely in the wind, always facing it, the plume which springs from the back of the head in the breeding season streaming gracefully behind, the greenish black back and yellow legs contrasting finely with the pure white of the neck and under parts. Night herons in a colony are a rather foul bird, but in the green of the treetops where they live one sees nothing of this. Viewed from above, their surroundings are those of Spotless Town, and the birds themselves are singularly picturesque and handsome.

The colony is not far from the Merrimac River some six miles below Nashua, I think, just over the State line in Massachusetts. The birds hunt all up and down the Merrimac for a dozen miles and find food at every small pond and stream within the same radius. They come often to the fish hatchery at Nashua, where they do not mind taking trout of considerable size. The hatchery managers mind it, however, and see that they do not get many. Under their nests, especially when the young are well grown, one may often find samples of the food brought to the young and allowed to fall; crawfish, perch, and other fry on which the birds feed. They never seem to go below to the ground in the grove, and whatever falls thereto is lost so far as the old birds are con-

cerned. We had a striking example of this as we went up under the pines on our entrance. A pathetic brown heap on the brown pine needles was apparently a dead young heron, but on touching it, it roused from a stupor and sat up. Here was a young bird that for some reason had fallen fifty feet from a nest and was curled up waiting to die of starvation, if it did not get a quicker release from a hunting fox or owl. A little farther on another bird, larger and evidently older, stood up and walked gravely away as we approached. It was impossible to tell from what nest these had come. It was next to impossible to climb one of the pines near by with them and put them in a nest, so the parson in the kindness of his heart took them home to rear by hand with the assistance of the local fish market. Young birds will eat their own weight in food per day, and it seems to me that Nashua's incipient foundling asylum zoo is going to make the fishing business good in Southern New Hampshire.

I suppose if some one, before I had seen this interesting rookery, had asked me what birds were likely to nest in the tall pine grove on a sandy hillside, I would have said, first of all, crows, then certain hawks, owls, wood pewees, tanagers, and some others. I am quite sure that herons would have been thought of last, if at all. Yet the reason seems simple enough. For fifteen or twenty years the rookery has been known as a large one. The birds may have been there twice that time, for the pines are fifty or sixty years old. At the bottom of the hill is a little reedy pond, full, no doubt, of heron food, and one can easily imagine a few herons looking for a new location, and finding the little pond attractive, settling here thirty or forty years ago. Where now the sixty-year-old pines rear noble heads and sway in the wind fifty or sixty feet high were five or six acres of thick young pine growth, perhaps fifteen feet tall and dense with dark green plumes, just the place for herons' nests. Not far away is the Merrimac, with miles of good fishing in sandy shallows and miles more of shallow entering tributaries from every sandy slope. Surely a colony so located would thrive and increase, and the birds are very tenacious of a nesting location, coming back in spite of raids and disturbances, year after year. Thus the colony has grown up with the trees till the birds now nest as high in air as eagles. Probably the grove will not be allowed to grow another fifty years. Pine is too valuable nowadays, and one can easily foresee a spring when the returning night herons will fly about their

ancestral home site in bewilderment, not recognizing it in the bare hillside and the pile of slash left behind after a winter's cutting. But I wish the trees might remain, and that I might come, fifty years later, to see if the birds still cling to their ancient nesting site, and how high in air they fly with the crawfish and perch for their clamorous young.

The night herons are birds of wide range, breeding from Manitoba and New Brunswick southward through South America. The bulk of them winter from the Gulf States southward, but a few may be found in winter time as far north as Long Island and even Massachusetts Bay. With them, as with most birds, the food supply is of most moment, temperature being secondary, and they find plenty of food along the flats and salt marshes all winter long in ordinary weather. Like wintering sea fowl, especially severe winters, when long continued cold ices up the flats and shallows and the swamps are frozen, they must get on south or starve to death. They are strong fliers, however, broad of wing and capable of long-sustained flight. It would be no difficult matter for a night heron, hungry on Massachusetts Bay flats at dawn of a January morning, to be luxuriantly dining on the shores of the Chesapeake by nightfall. It was interesting to sit in the treetops among them and see the skill with which they used their strong, broad wings, flying with their long necks doubled back, giving them the peculiarly hunched appearance characteristic of all herons in flight, but tapering gracefully astern, with a rudder made of their long yellow legs and folded feet. Curiously enough on a turn they spread their short tail-feathers wide, making a fan beyond which their long legs trailed far. They whirled and turned deftly about the pine tops, but did not venture in flight among the limbs. Their world is the sunny, plummy world above the spreading limbs, and they know nothing of the cathedral gloom below, unless, like the two young which our expedition rescued, they fall there by accident.

The world at large knows the night heron only by its harsh utterances, and its witchlike habit of flying through the air, mostly at dusk, on a broomstick, the long legs, stuck out straight behind, looking quite like that. But whoever will sit among the pine tops for an hour, looking down upon a colony of them, will come away with a quite different idea of the birds. And to him who seeks a quick and intimate knowledge of the birds of Southern New Hampshire I recommend the companionship of Rev. Mr. Townsend. He can arrange a continuous performance with

final drop curtain in a manner hitherto unrivalled.—*Winthrop Packard, in Boston Transcript.*

THE PEACE CONGRESS OF 1849.

The first meeting of the Peace Congress for 1849 took place on Wednesday, the 22d of August, in the Salle St. Cecile, Rue St. Antin. The number of members attending the Peace Congress as delegates was very large, four or five hundred having come over from England. The French government seemed disposed to show great civility to the delegates, allowing them to come directly to Paris without any detention. Their baggage was passed free, and their passports were not examined. Moreover, M. Coquerel announced to the Convention that directions had been given to allow the Peace delegates to visit all national buildings and public places, by merely presenting their tickets as members of the Congress. Besides all this, the Peace delegates were invited to visit the Palace of Versailles, and that of St. Cloud, and to see the grand water-works at the former place, and the illuminated cascades at the latter. This was a compliment usually paid only to royal visitors, for the water-works at Versailles play only four times a year; and the expense of setting them going is ten thousand francs. When the delegates met we found that everything had been arranged beforehand. The permanent committee of the Peace Congress had a prepared list of officers for the Convention, drawn up resolutions, arranged the rules, and, in fact, selected the speakers also. The advantage of this was, that no time was lost in discussing matters of business or form, and that we probably had much better speaking than if it had been left to accident to decide who should occupy the tribune. Probably the committee also feared that if debate was left free, some things might be said of a troublesome kind, and the Socialists or Red Republicans might get possession of the floor. But the disadvantage of this arrangement was, that it deprived the discussions, to some extent, of reality and spirit. There was no real debate upon any question, but merely a succession of orations. The body of delegates, in fact, were merely spectators; they had nothing to do with the proceedings of the Convention, and are not to be held responsible for anything which occurred. For instance, the Convention has been blamed for making M. Victor Hugo its president, a man of genius certainly, but not distinguished for a high morality; but M. Hugo

was not selected by the Convention, but by Mr. Burritt and the other gentlemen of the committee. So, too, the Convention, as we afterward learned, was allowed to meet in Paris, by the government, only on the condition of not alluding to present politics. If any one is to be blamed for this, it is not the delegates, for they knew nothing of the matter until after the Congress was ended.

M. Victor Hugo was president, and on either side of him sat M. Coquerel, a Protestant minister, and the Abbé Deguerry, the curate of the Madeleine; both of them, as well as M. Hugo, very fine speakers. M. Coquerel speaks French and English equally well, having resided many years in England. He has a clear, strong intellect, and a very fine delivery, every word being admirably articulated. In his religious opinions he is said to be very liberal. I had a letter to him from Dr. G., in which he apologized for introducing me, on the ground that it was so many years since he had seen M. Coquerel, that the latter might have forgotten him. When I called on M. Coquerel he said, "Dr. G. is much mistaken, no one can easily forget him"; and then, after inquiring about his American friends, went on to speak of public affairs. He is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and belongs to the moderate republicans, believing that France is better suited for a republic than for anything else. "They say, to be sure," remarked he, "that we cannot have a republic without republicans, but neither can we have an empire without an emperor." He is probably of opinion that Louis Napoleon is a very different man from the great Napoleon.

It was, perhaps, slightly ominous of the approach of the time when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, to see on either side of the President, officiating as vice-presidents, the Roman Catholic curate of the Madeleine, and the Protestant pastor of the Oratory. The good Catholic distinguished himself by a very animated speech; the best, perhaps, that was made at the Convention. The speech, as it chanced, was spoken on the anniversary of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, of which some one reminded him; and immediately, whether from a movement of feeling or by an artifice of rhetoric, he seemed struck with sadness, his voice faltered, and he expressed fervent gratitude that the time for such horrors was forever gone. He did something far better than this. A note was handed him from some one, who inquired what he thought of the French intervention in favor of the Pope. He said, on reading it, "I know it is contrary to our rules to refer to the politics of

the present day; but this much I will say, I do not believe that good can ever come from compelling a people by a foreign force to submit to any government; they must submit of their own accord, or the submission is worth nothing." An uproar of applause followed this utterance, for which, as I understand, the curate was sharply taken to task by some of his brother Catholics.

The best English speaker at the Congress was, undoubtedly, Mr. Cobden. His manner was a striking contrast to that of the French speakers; he spoke in a natural, business-like style, and in an almost conversational manner. The points which he made were clear and striking. There was no enthusiasm, passion, or eloquence in what he said, but wit, and cogent argument. Cobden looks about forty-five years old; he is well-dressed, easy and familiar in his manners. There is no English stiffness about him.

Another very good speaker, among the French, was Émile de Girardin, the successful and famous editor of *La Presse*. He has a head like a bullet, only pushed out behind; his manner is very energetic, he is quick at repartee, and deals much in facts and figures. He had much to do with the Revolution which overturned the throne of Louis Philippe. He forced his way into the Tuileries, and told the King that he must decide on a change of government within half an hour. In his speech before the Convention, he strongly urged the necessity of disbanding the immense standing army of the French Republic; and proposed that the French should lead the way in a general reduction of the armies of Europe.

There was nothing remarkable accomplished in the way of speech-making, by the American delegates.—James Freeman Clarke, in "*Eleven Weeks in Europe*."

THE PEACE CONGRESS OF 1914.

IN PEACE AND WAR.

An Experience.

The first International Church Conference for promoting friendly relations between the various countries of the world met in Constance, Germany, on August 1. Nearly one hundred delegates greeted one another on the appointed day with more than ordinary eagerness and fervor. The meeting had carefully been planned. Representatives of various Christian churches

denominations, and religious movements in Europe, England, and America were expected to be present. They were to come from Sweden and Norway, Holland and Denmark, on the North, from Italy and Austria on the South. France was to send a dozen delegates and Germany at least a score. A body of thirty representative men and women were to come from England, and American official delegates numbered more than fifty. A quiet Sunday was to be passed together, and then for two ensuing days informal conferences were to be held for the purpose of considering what the various Christian communions of the world could do in the cause of furthering international good will.

The place of meeting was the Hotel Insel, which is situated on a little island in the lovely lake of Constance. The hotel had formerly been a Dominican monastery, and much of the monastic atmosphere remains. There are the shaded cloisters thick with flowers and luxurious plants, the large refectory, which is now the hotel dining-room, the quiet garden, and the peaceful paths with vistas of the neighboring lake and of snow-capped mountains far beyond,—paths where monks in previous centuries had walked and pondered on eternal truths. The town itself is interesting. It was the meeting-place of the great Church Council in 1415, at which Johann Huss, the religious reformer, was tried, found guilty of false doctrine, and condemned to death. In a quiet field outside the little city a huge boulder covered with thick ivy marks the spot where Huss and Jerome of Prague were burned. No better place in Europe could seemingly have been chosen for considering the cause of friendship between nations and the obligations of the churches to promote it.

As the time drew near, however, for the congress to assemble, the war clouds gathered ominously in Europe. Austria-Hungary suddenly forced an ultimatum upon Serbia, Russia soon began to mobilize her troops; but it was not until Friday, the day before most of us had planned to arrive in Constance, that Germany began to prepare for action. Still, the Kaiser had announced that mobilization was not war; and, in any event, it seemed faint-hearted to turn back. It was certainly an indication of the earnest spirit which impelled them, that two-thirds of the delegates appeared at the appointed place. Others would have come had they been able. Two, however,—both Americans,—were arrested by German officials on the way and put in jail for venturing to photograph an airship. Others still were detained at the frontier. The German delegates could hardly

have been expected, under the circumstances, to report. A few only of the French appeared, but there were a few. On Friday, the very day on which orders for German mobilization were issued, a party of English delegates set out from London, made their way through France and Switzerland, and arrived in Constance on Saturday evening, headed by J. Allen Baker, Esq., M.P., and the Rt. Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., member of the Privy Council, and accompanied by the Bishop of Winchester, Canon Grane, and others.

There was some doubt at the outset as to whether our Conference would be permitted to proceed. Peace meetings had recently been ruthlessly broken up by military authorities in other parts of Germany. The Grand Duchess of Baden, however, a sister of the Emperor Frederick, and an aunt, therefore, of the Kaiser, was interested in the cause, and, through her intercession and good will, the Constance city authorities were instructed to permit us to assemble, and to grant us all protection. For this, and for more substantial favors later, we were indebted to the influential presence of Herr Pastor Siegmund-Schultze of Berlin, who was in close touch with the emperor, and at one time had been settled over the Kaiser's Berlin church. From the first, therefore, as will be seen, we were assured of imperial protection.

A preliminary meeting was held at once on Saturday evening, when we decided to proceed with our programme as though no disturbing forces were at work. Sunday morning, August 2, dawned clear and calm. All nature was at peace. A delicate mist lay drawn across the profile of the far Swiss mountains. Scarcely a ripple broke the mirror-like appearance of the lake. The outward world seemed doing what was possible to calm the warlike mood of man. It was evident enough, however, that the lesson would remain unheeded. Troops were gathering. The railways were patrolled, and soldiers guarded stations, bridges, and all tunnels. The banks had closed their doors. Servants began to leave the hotel in response to mobilization orders. The manager himself was called away. Six cooks went out of the kitchen. An air of gloom and uncertainty prevailed. Nevertheless we were assured there was no danger. We were advised, however, to stay on our island and not go into the town.

Accordingly, on Sunday morning we came together for religious services, and no one who was present can soon forget the spirit which pervaded all—the hope expressed that the worst might not actually happen. A business

meeting was held in the afternoon, and from that time on the situation rapidly grew worse.

On Sunday evening it was announced that, unless we were prepared to remain in Germany for an indefinite period, we must leave the next morning. After that no further trains would be available for ordinary passengers. Here it was that Herr Pastor Siegmund-Schultze came to our assistance. Through his influence the promise of a special train was secured. With this comforting assurance, the Conference calmly proceeded to transact all necessary business with the greatest possible despatch. Various resolutions were passed. A committee was appointed to devise machinery for future meetings and a definite organization. Nothing was left undone that could possibly be attended to at such a time. Prayers were spoken, plans were laid for adjourned meetings to be held at once in London, or, if possible, at The Hague. Then ensued a most unusual and interesting scene.

The question of finance had to be considered. Had we enough money to get away? Letters of credit and American express cheques counted for nothing. English bank-notes would not be accepted. The hotel proprietor was considerate enough to say that he would wait for payment, but railway tickets must be bought and baggage transportation paid for. Some of the delegates had hardly any money in hand at all. Others had varying amounts. The roll accordingly was called and each one told the state of his finances. The sum total of our wealth (or poverty) was quickly learned. Together we could just manage to pay our way to England, and a common treasury was formed. It suggested apostolic times, when, according to the Book of Acts, "as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need." No Ananiases or Sapphiras were detected. Henceforward, till the journey's end, all things were in common.

At four minutes past nine on the morning of Monday, August 3, the train drew out of the Constance station,—the last through train on which there was any possibility of getting out of Germany and back to England; and even that was more or less uncertain. All passenger service was to cease that day at midnight. We must reach, if possible, the neutral Dutch frontier before that hour. We must go to Flushing where the line to Queenborough was still running, but the railway officials would guarantee nothing further than Cologne. Two car-

riages, instead of a special train, were reserved for members of the Conference, and proved utterly inadequate for comfort. Some of us stood in the corridors, or sat on bags and valises that were piled up against the windows. Luncheon baskets had been prepared at the hotel, but they went astray in the confusion, and were probably enjoyed by hungry German soldiers. Nevertheless it was a cheerful, uncomplaining party. No word of fault-finding anywhere was heard.—*Paul Revere Frothingham, in The Christian Register.*

(To be Continued.)

WHAT LONGFELLOW WROTE.

Were half the power that fills the world with
terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps
and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long genera-
tions,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then
cease:
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the
skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—H. W. Longfellow.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

THE CONGRESS PUZZLE.

A great many men want to go to Congress,
and a great many women want to become

wives of men in some official station, from the President of the United States down.

One night, some years ago, all of these men and women dreamed—it was a singular coincidence—that they had attained their ambitions. Their dreams ran—dreams run queerly sometimes, you know—that they were in Washington, and that many others, famous the world over, were there to do them honor.

When the clock struck twelve every seat in both the galleries and house was occupied. In the Executive Gallery sat the President of the United States, who was elected on the campaign cry of "Fifty-four forty or Fight" (1) and with him were the Father of Angling (2), Diedrich Knickerbocker (3) the Railsplitter, (4) and the first Secretary of the United States Treasury (5).

A Party of ladies was also in the galleries—George Eliot (6) Fanny Fern (7) the Maid of Kent (8) and the American Woman (9) who was the sister-in-law of the first Napoleon.

In the Ladies Gallery the Courtier (10) who taught a Queen of England to smoke tobacco—the old fop—was in charge of a distinguished party consisting of the Swedish Nightingale (11), the Maid of Anjou (12) and the first Lady of the Land (13), during the Buchanan Administration.

Opposite, in the Diplomatic Gallery, were the son of Jupiter Ammon (14) Alceric Cottin (15) The Hero of the Nile (16), and the founder of the Order of the Knights of the Round Table (17).

Up behind the clock, in the big Public Gallery, there were Blue Noses (18) Corn Crackers (19) Northern Bears (20) Sick men of the East (21) and folk, both white and black, from the Queen of the Antilles (22), the Middle Kingdom (23), the State of Franklin (24) and the state whose troops were the first to reach the National Capital in 1861 (25).

The Speaker of the House was the Expounder of the Constitution (26) and he wore in the lappel of his coat a Trinity Flower (27) which, by the way, was not in keeping with the floral decorations of the room, for the latter consisted solely of the plant whose leaves are said to have been used by Adam and Eve for needles to sew their fig leaf garments together (28).

The Apostle of Ireland (29) as chaplain of the House offered a prayer, but not until the Prophet (30) who claimed to be able to put the moon up one sleeve of his mantle and take it out of the other, had read a chapter from the book (31) held sacred by many,

which says that a stone once ran away with Moses' clothes while Moses was in bathing.

The last Admiral of the United States Navy (32) called up the first bill on the calendar—An Act to appropriate the sum of \$5,000 to Mother Hubbard, that she might fill her cupboard—and he asked that the same be read by the handsome clerk—a woman by the way, out of compliment to Mother H.—Highland Mary (33) by name.

Party spirit at once showed itself, and Fighting Joe (34), Black Jack (35) and Mad Anthony (36) bitterly attacked the measure, while the Wagoner Boy (37), The Bard of Ayrshire (38) and the Builder of the Mississippi River Jetties (39) defended it to the best of their ability.

The debate waxed warm, and many, whom space forbids mention, took part in it. The enemies of the bill were clearly the stronger and it would surely have been defeated had it come to a vote. But just at the critical moment the millionaire who is President of the greatest corporation in the world (40) arose and himself offered to pay the \$5,000.

At this there was such tremendous applause that the noise of it awoke the dreamers—a sad lot indeed. They were not in Congress and not even in Washington. Still, the dream—odd, as was before observed, that it should have been so universal—had its effect, for the millionaire kept his word, and paid to Mother Hubbard the Five Thousand Dollars.

And that is why the well-known story about Mother Hubbard, her cupboard, the bone, and the dog, is in the past tense, for there are no empty cupboards nowadays and every dog gets a bone.

—*Harper's Young People.*

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. ENIGMA.—I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

II. GEOGRAPHICAL STORY.—I. Friendly.
2. Lena. 3. White. 4. Farewell. 5. Horn.
6. Sandwich. 7. Cod. 8. Milk. 9. Malaga.
10. Canary.

III. FLORAL ANAGRAMS.—I. Great Mullein. 2. Cow Lily. 3. Marsh Marigold.
4. Solomon's Seal. 5. Sweet Flag.

IV. QUESTIONS IN HISTORY.—I. Achilles.
2. Hector. 3. William Tell.

V. OLD SAYINGS.—I. Church mouse.
2. Rail. 3. Pig. 4. Gale. 5. Lion. 6. Cat.
7. Dollar. 8. Rat.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of The Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, November 6, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The *Home Study Work* of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Wednesday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.